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MARVEL TEAM-UP™

FEATURING

SPIDER-MAN®

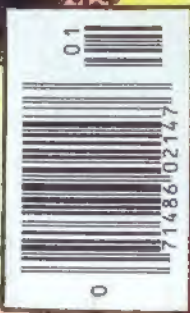
AND MS.  
MARVEL



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WHEN STRIKES THE  
SILVER DAGGER!





STAN LEE  
PRESENTS:

# SPIDER-MAN AND MS. MARVEL!

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## IF I'M TO LIVE... MY LOVE MUST DIE!

THIS IS THE SANCTUM  
SANCTORUM OF MARIE  
LAVEAU--SELF-STYLED  
WITCH-QUEEN OF  
NEW ORLEANS.

DR. STRANGE HAS  
COME HERE SEEKING  
HER HELP TO RESCUE  
THE SOUL OF THE  
WOMAN HE LOVES--  
HIS DISCIPLE, CLEA--

-- FROM ITS  
NIGHTMARE  
PRISON  
WITHIN THE  
ORB OF  
AGAMOTTO.

YIELDING TO A  
NAMELESS, IN-  
EXPRESSIBLE FEEL-  
ING OF DREAD,  
HE HAS BROUGHT  
SPIDER-MAN  
AND MS. MARVEL--  
BOTH IN DISGUISE--  
WITH HIM...

UNAWARE THAT THE THREE  
OF THEM HAVE JUST WALKED  
INTO A CUNNING, DEADLY  
TRAP!

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HE HEARS THE  
SOUND OF  
BELLS...

...AND THEN OUR WORLD DIS-  
APPEARS AROUND HIM...

...TO REFORM A SPLIT-  
INSTANT LATER AS THE  
INFINITE GRAY SPACE  
THAT IS THE BED-  
ROCK LEVEL OF  
THE ASTRAL  
PLANE.

HE SENSES MARIE  
LAVEAU BESIDE HIM,  
HER ASTRAL FORM  
GUIDING HIS UP  
THROUGH THE SEEMING-  
LY ENDLESS LEVELS OF  
REALITY. MOST ARE  
FAMILIAR TO HIM, BUT  
SOON, THEIR COURSE  
TAKES THEM DOWN TO  
PATHWAYS HE'S  
NEVER EXPLORED.

HIS DEFENSES COME DOWN, AND HIS  
FACE TWISTS WITH A SUDDEN STAB  
OF AGONY AS MARIE BINDS THEIR  
MINDS TOGETHER IN A FULL TELE-  
PATHIC RAPPORT. STRANGE IS  
COMMITTED NOW; THERE CAN BE  
NO TURNING BACK.

THERE'S A MOMENT'S  
RESISTANCE AS  
HER MIND REACHES  
OUT TO HIS-- HE  
STILL DOESN'T  
TRUST HER, YET, IF  
CLEA IS TO BE  
SAVED, HE MUST.





WHATEVER  
HAPPENS, HE  
IS AT THE  
WITCH-  
QUEEN'S  
MERCY...

...IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE.

SPIDEY, OUR DISGUISES  
ARE *FADING* AWAY,  
REVEALING OUR  
TRUE SELVES!



THAT  
ISN'T ALL,  
MS. M-- MY  
SPIDER  
SENSE  
JUST KICKED  
INTO HIGH  
GEAR!

AND HERE COMES THE  
REASON *WHY*!

KILL THE INTRUDERS!  
OUR DARK MISTRESS  
COMMANDS IT!



YOU WERE SAYING SOMETHING  
ABOUT BEING *BORED*?

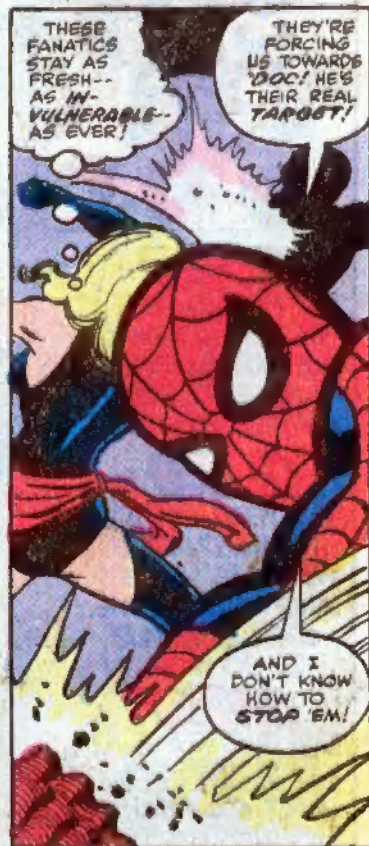
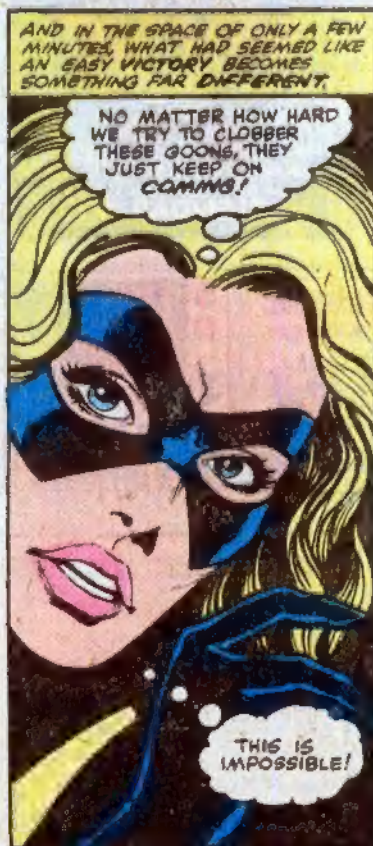
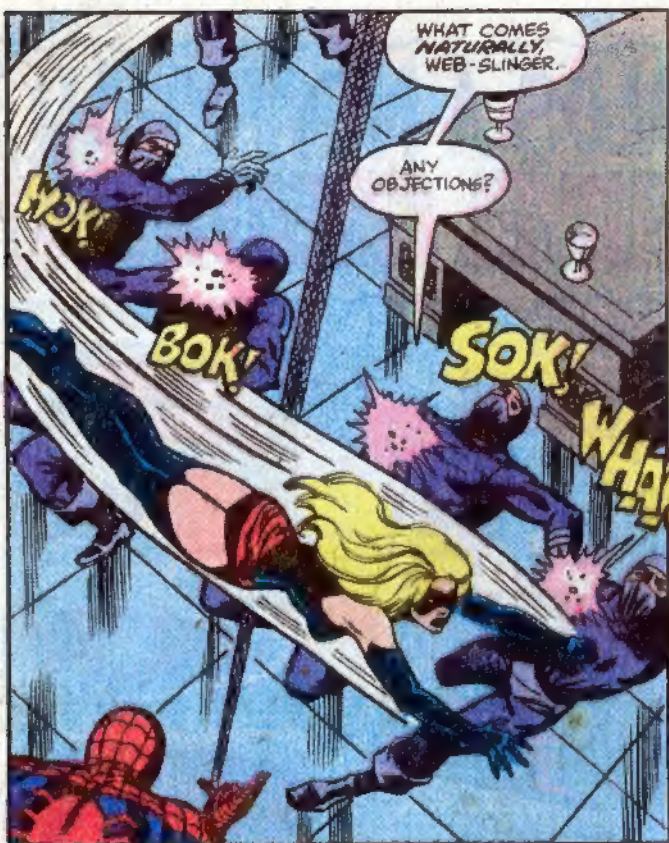
SPIDER-MAN, GET  
DOC TO SAFETY!

SO LONG AS  
HE'S IN A TRANCE,  
HE'S VULNERABLE.  
AND IF HIS *PHYSICAL*  
FORM IS SLAIN, HIS  
SPIRIT WILL DIE  
WITH IT!



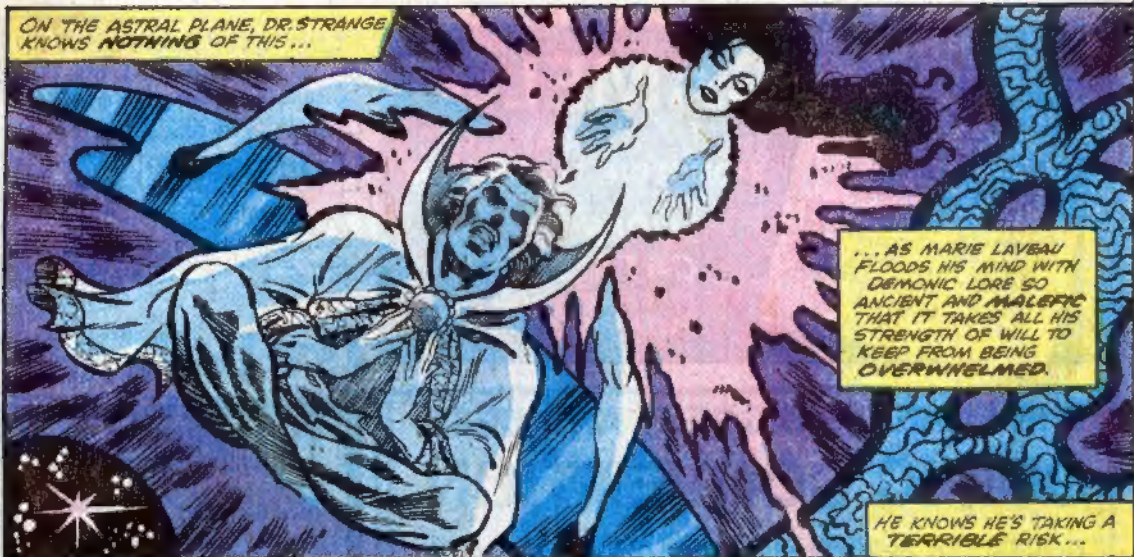
WHAT'RE YOU  
GONNA DO, MS. M?!







ON THE ASTRAL PLANE, DR. STRANGE KNOWS **NOTHING** OF THIS...



... AS MARIE LAVEAU FLOODS HIS MIND WITH DEMONIC LORE SO ANCIENT AND MALEFIC THAT IT TAKES ALL HIS STRENGTH OF WILL TO KEEP FROM BEING OVERWHELMED.

HE KNOWS HE'S TAKING A TERRIBLE RISK...

... BUT FOR CLEA'S SAKE, HE ENDURES, UNTIL...



TOO LATE, MAGE. THE TRAP IS SPRUNG.

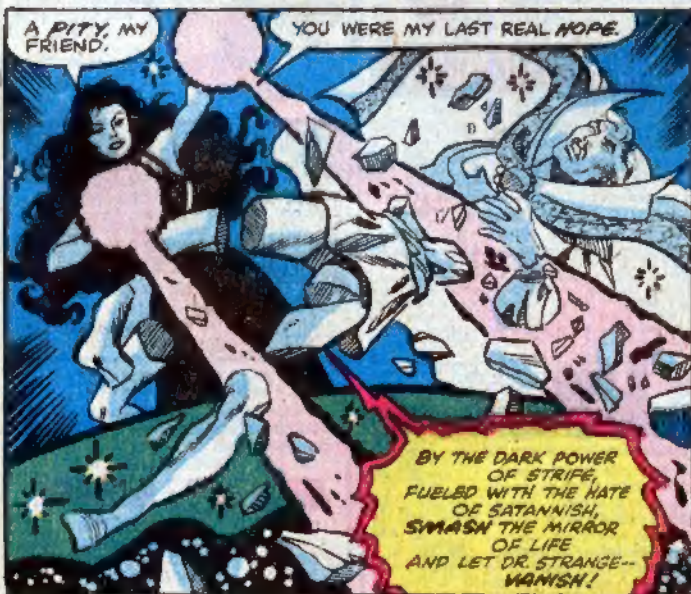
NOT ALL YOUR POWER CAN SAVE YOU NOW.

WHA--?!

THE ANKH, APPEARING ON MY FORE-HEAD! I'M IN MORTAL DANGER!

MS. M, WHAT'S HAPPENING?! THESE LIGHTS, SOUNDS-- THE WORLD'S GOING CRAZY--!

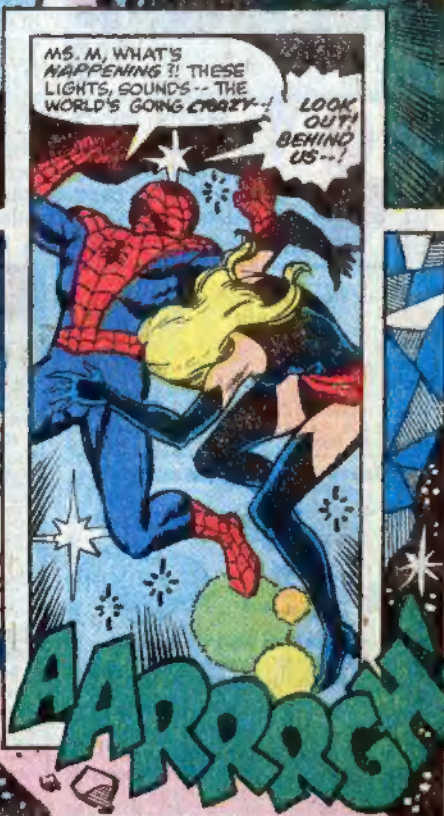
LOOK OUT! BEHIND US--!



A PITY, MY FRIEND,

YOU WERE MY LAST REAL HOPE.

BY THE DARK POWER OF STRIFE, FUELED WITH THE HATE OF SATANNISH, SMASH THE MIRROR OF LIFE AND LET DR. STRANGE-- VANISH!



AARRRGH!

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE



REJOICE, YE CHILDREN OF THE LORD, FOR THE HOUR OF RIGHTEOUS RETRIBUTION IS AT HAND!

# SILVER DAGGER HAS RETURNED!!

AND THIS TIME, *NOW* SHALL STAY ME FROM MY TRUE DESTINY. THE WORLD WILL BE MADE PURE, AND ANY WHO DARE OPPOSE ME IN MY HOLY WORK--

--WILL PAY THE FINAL PRICE!



PAL, I'VE SEEN SOME *LOOKIES* IN MY LIFE, BUT YOU'RE IN A CLASS BY YOURSELF.

LET'S SEE HOW *LOUD* YOU CROW WHEN I'VE BROKEN FREE!

CRETIN, NOT EVEN A *SORCERER SUPREME* CAN BREAK THE CRIMSON BANDS OF CYTTORAK!

YOU AND THIS COSTUMED HARLOT ARE AS HELPLESS AS *DR. STRANGE*.



DOC???

HE HASN'T SNAPPED OUT OF HIS TRANCE-- HE'S BARELY BREATHING!

SEE FOR YOURSELF.

THE WIZARD TRUSTED MARIE LAVEAU, UNAWARE THAT SHE WAS MYSTICALLY *ENSLAVED* BY MY WILL.

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH HIM?!

"SHE WAITED UNTIL HE DROPPED HIS GUARD, AND THEN CAST A SPELL OF *TRANSFERENCE* THAT RETURNED ME TO EARTH--

"--WHILE TRAPPING HIM FOREVER WITHIN THE ORA OF AGASTHO.

OOOOOHHH...

OL' BUDDY LOOKS T'ME LIKE YOU JUST GOT CAUGHT WITH YOUR *AURA* DOWN, KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

THE-- CATERPILLAR...?

HOSTS OF HOGGOTH-- I'M IN THE ORB.

HEY, DOC-- LONG TIME NO SEE.

WHAT A FOOL I AM! ALL ALONG, I'VE BEEN DANCING TO *SILVER DAGGER*'S TUNE, SO BLINDLY WITH WORRY FOR CLEA THAT--

--SHADES OF THE SHADOWY DEMONS-- *CLEA*!

SHE WAS BEING HELD IN THE WHITE QUEEN'S CASTLE! DAGGER MEANT TO *SUBJUG* HER AT THE STAKE!



NO TELLING HOW MUCH TIME HAS PASSED. I CAN ONLY PRAY THAT I REACH HER...

OH, NO!  
VISHANTI  
PRESERVE  
US--

**NO!!**

THE CRY IS RIPPED FROM THE CORE OF HIS BEING, AND EVEN AS HE SPEAKS, SPELLS LASH OUT FROM HIM TO QUENCH THE BLAZE.

BUT THIS IS A MYSTIC FIRE, BACKED BY THE FULL FORCE OF SILVER DAGGER'S POWER, AND STRANGE'S SPELLS HAVE NO EFFECT.

ALL HE CAN DO IS WATCH HELPLESSLY AS THE WOMAN HE LOVES IS CONSUMED, AND LISTEN TO HER SCREAM AS SHE DIES, AND PART OF HIS SOUL DIES WITH HER.

CLEA!!!

BUT THIS IS A MYSTIC WORLD WHERE UNREALITY RULES, AND NOTHING IS AS IT SEEMS.

LEAST OF ALL, DEATH.

THE FIRE-- TURNING INTO A PILLAR OF ENERGY AROUND THE STAKE AND CLEA!

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE-- BUT IT LOOKS... ALMOST LIKE A CHRYSALIS...

BY THE VISHANTI--THE PILLAR IS EXPLODING!

GREETINGS, STEPHEN, MY ONE-TIME LOVE.

IS MY NEW FORM PLEASING TO YOUR EYES?

CLEA--?!

HER VOICE IS VELVET COVERING STEEL, HER EYES BLACK DIAMONDS-- HARD AND UNFATHOMABLE-- WINDOWS TO A SOUL THAT KNOWS NOTHING OF WARMTH, OR LOVE...OR MERCY.



WHAT DIED IN THE FIRE WAS THE  
CLEA THAT STEPHEN STRANGE  
LOVED.

WHAT'S JUST  
RISEN FROM  
THE FLAMES IS  
THE CLEA WHO  
MIGHT HAVE  
BEEN...

...HAD SHE BEEN RAISED AS  
HER MOTHER'S DAUGHTER.

FOR HER MOTHER, THOUGH DR.  
STRANGE DOESN'T KNOW IT, IS  
DUMOR THE UNSPEAKABLE, SISTER  
TO THE DREAD DORMAMMUR,  
AND, LIKE HER MOTHER...

...CLEA NOW  
HATES THIS  
MAN SHE ONCE  
LOVED.

CLEA, WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING?!

SHE'S NOT LISTENING TO ME.  
SHE JUST KEEPS CASTING  
SPELL AFTER SPELL-- WITH  
A POWER AND SKILL SHE  
SHOULDN'T HAVE!

SILVER-TOP IS SO CAUGHT  
UP IN THE ORB'S SHOW,  
HE'S FORGOTTEN  
ABOUT US.

THWIP!

AND THAT  
SUITS ME  
JUST FINE.

I GOADED HIM INTO  
REVEALING THAT WE'RE  
BOUND WITH MYSTIC  
CHAINS. MAYBE WE  
AREN'T STRONG  
ENOUGH TO  
BREAK FREE...

BUMP!

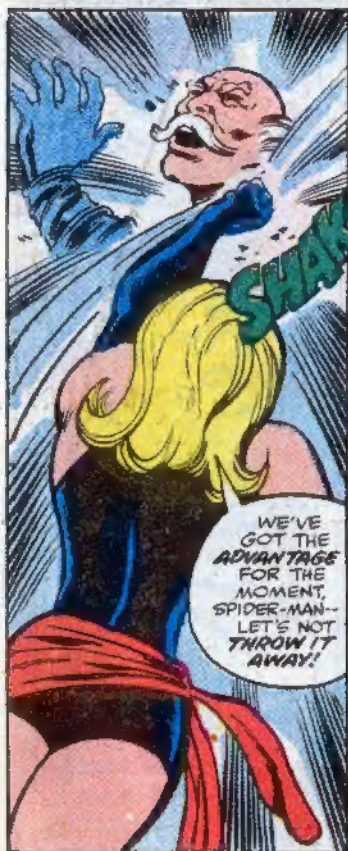
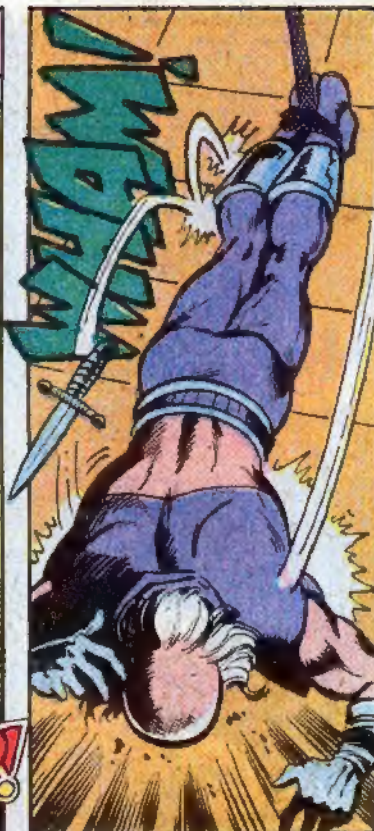
...BUT THERE ARE  
OTHER WAYS TO SKIN  
THE PROVERBIAL CAT.  
FIRST, A DISTRACTION...

EW--?!

THAT NOISE...  
COULD BE NOTHING,  
BUT I'D BEST TAKE  
NO CHANCES.

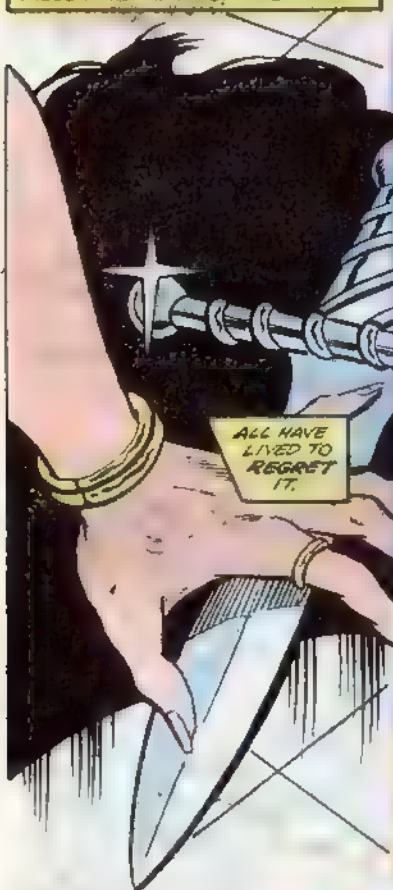


SILVER DAGGER STEPS AWAY  
FROM THE GREAT OAK TABLE.  
AND THEN...

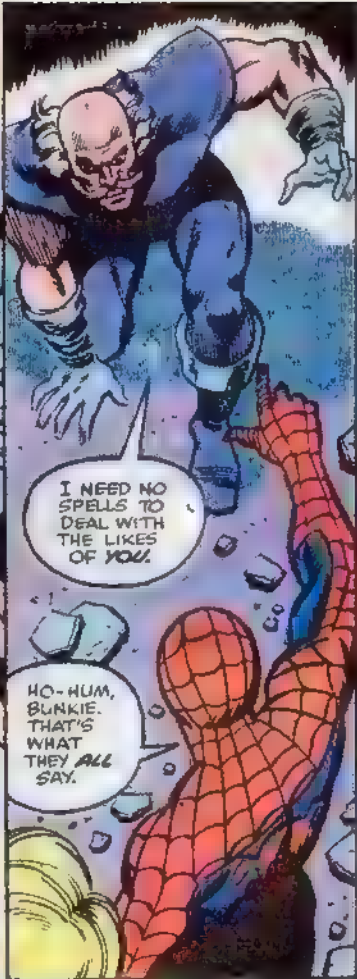




BEHIND THEM, MARIE LAVEAU WATCHES THE BATTLE UNFOLD WITH HOODED EYES AND A FACE THAT'S AS ENIGMATIC AS THE SPHINX. MEN HAVE THOUGHT HER THEIR SLAVE BEFORE



ALL HAVE LIVED TO REGRET IT.



I NEED NO SPELLS TO DEAL WITH THE LIKES OF YOU.

HO-HUM, BUNKIE. THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY.

INSOLENT PUP! WITH BUT A THOUGHT, I CAN FLOOD MY LIMBS WITH THE STRENGTH OF SATANNISH!

AND STRIKE WITH FORCE ENOUGH TO SHATTER A WORLD!

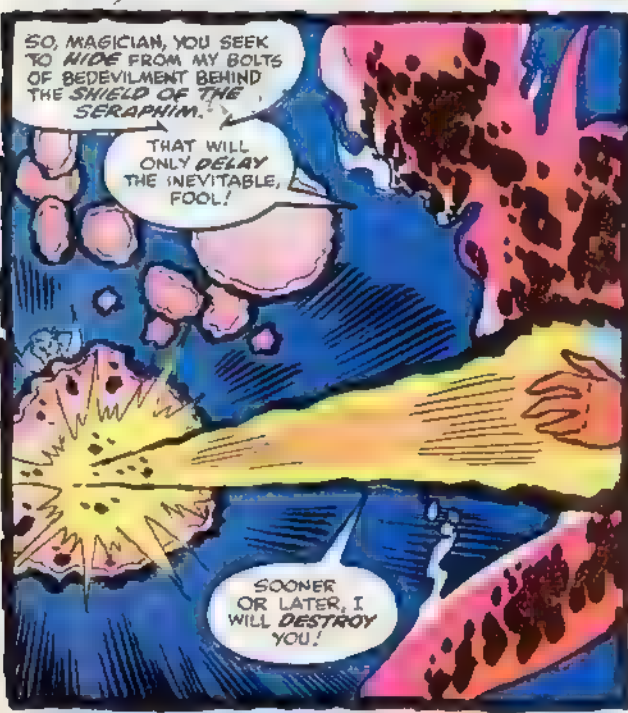


UNNNNGH

BOOM!

SO, MAGICIAN, YOU SEEK TO HIDE FROM MY BOLTS OF BEDEVILMENT BEHIND THE SHIELD OF THE SERAPHIM.

THAT WILL ONLY DELAY THE INEVITABLE, FOOL!



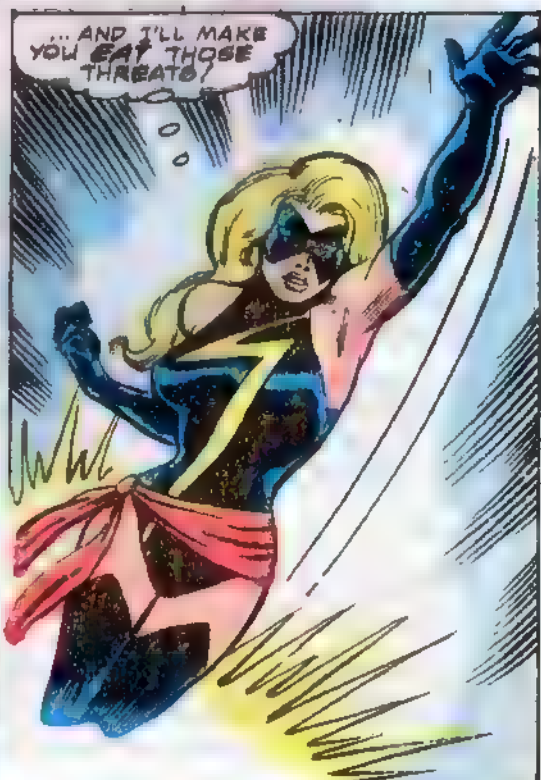
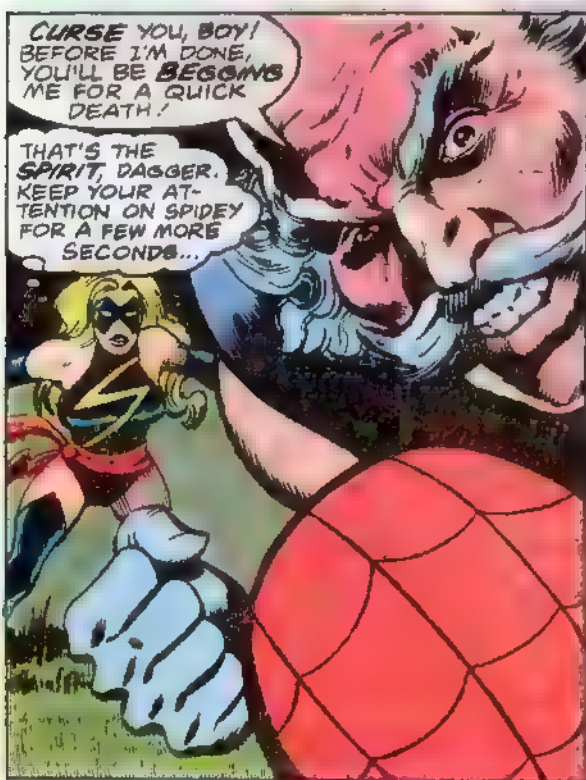
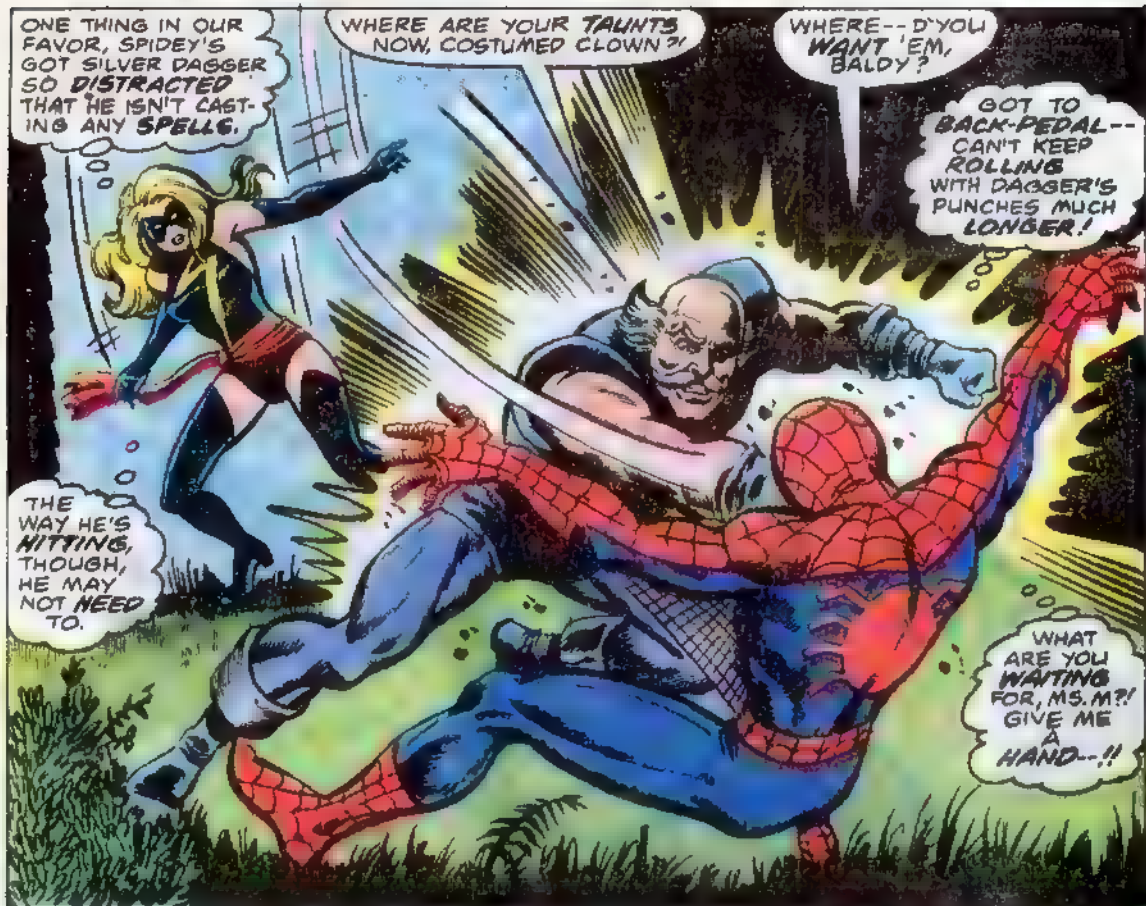
SOONER OR LATER, I WILL DESTROY YOU!

THIS IS MADNESS! SHE COUNTERS MY SPELLS ALMOST BEFORE I CAST THEM, KEEPING ME CONTINUALLY ON THE DEFENSIVE



IMPOSSIBLE AS IT SEEMS, CLEA REALLY MEANS TO KILL ME!







YOU'VE DONE WELL THUS FAR, "MASTER," BUT IS EVEN YOUR OCCULT TALENT A MATCH FOR--

--THE  
FEARFUL,  
FATAL  
RINGS  
OF  
RAGGADORR?!

A MATCH FOR  
THEM AND MORE,  
CLEA, AS YOU  
WELL KNOW!

IF THAT'S THE  
CASE MAGE, I'LL  
TRY TO MAKE THINGS  
MORE DIFFICULT  
FOR YOU.

HAS LOVE DULLED YOUR  
WITS, OH MAN-- TO EVEN  
THINK THAT YOUR LESSER  
SPELLS CAN HARM ME?!

BY THE  
VISHANTI,  
WHAT AM I  
TO DO?!

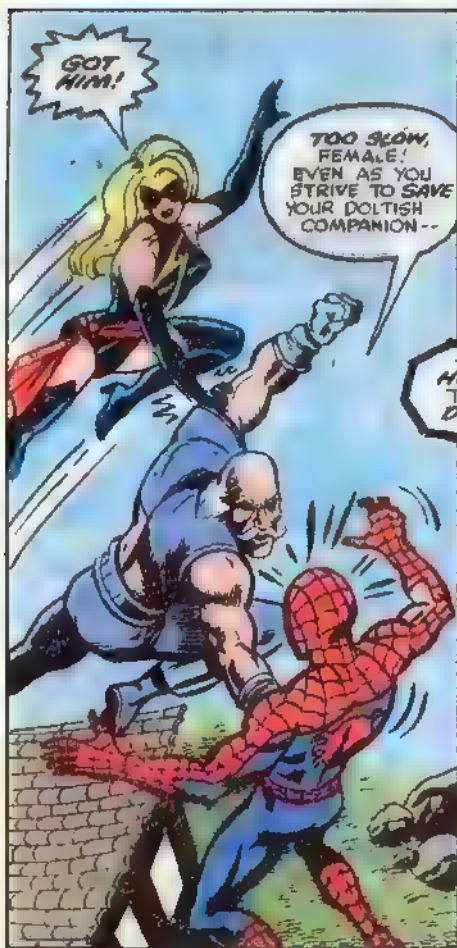
I LOVE CLEA,  
YET SHE'S FORCING  
ME TO FACE HER  
IN A DEATH DUEL.

PERHAPS--  
I CAN  
SNARE HER  
WITHIN THE  
RINGS OF  
RAGGADORR...?

THE  
RINGS--A  
LESSER  
SPELL?!

FOR A MOMENT, ALL GROWS STILL WITHIN  
THE ORB-- THEN CLEA THROWS BACK HER  
HEAD AND BARES HER TEETH, HER EYES  
GLOWING WITH A DEMONIC LIGHT...AND  
SHE BEGINS TO LAUGH.





GOT HIM!

TOO SLOW, FEMALE! EVEN AS YOU STRIVE TO SAVE YOUR DOLTISH COMPANION--

--I HURL HIM TO HIS DOOM!!



SPIDEY--!!

GOTTA FORM A WEB-CUSHION. TRY TO ROLL WITH THE IMPACT. IF I'M LUCKY, I'LL ONLY BREAK MY NECK.



BUTCHER!

BY THE POWER OF THE ETERNAL KREE DAGGER, IF HE'S EVEN HURT--

--I SWEAR I'LL MAKE YOU PAY!!

BOOM!



THE TAROT PROPHECY IS COMING TRUE. TRY AS I MAY TO DEFEAT CLEA WITHOUT HURTING HER...

...MY EVERY ATTEMPT FAILS.

WHATEVER DAGGERS SPELL WAS-- IT WAS A MASTERSTROKE.



FOR IT FORCES ME TO CHOOSE BETWEEN SACRIFICING MY OWN LIFE-- OR SLAYING THE WOMAN I LOVE.

EITHER WAY-- HE WINS.



SUDDENLY...

AARRRGH!!

CLEA SPOTTED MY... HESITATION... SMASHED SPELL THROUGH THE SHIELD. I CAN'T LET HER SEE HOW BADLY... I'M HURT-- BUT ANOTHER ATTACK LIKE THAT... WILL FINISH ME...



ON EARTH, THE BATTLE HAS  
RETURNED TO MARIE  
LAVERA'S SANCTUM...

... AND WHILE SPIEY  
AND MS. M  
HAVE DONE BETTER THAN  
EXPECTED  
AGAINST SILVER  
DAGGER...

...THE END IS  
IN SIGHT...

IT COMES QUICKLY, WITHOUT  
WARNING...

SINCE YOU'RE  
DETERMINED TO  
FIGHT FOR  
DR. STRANGE,  
ARACHNID--

--I'LL  
LET YOU  
DIE  
WITH HIM  
AS WELL!

UNNNHHH!

WHAT GIVES?!  
HE'S BLASTING  
ME BACK INTO  
DOC'S FANCY  
CRYSTAL  
BALL!

...AND IT'S FAR  
FROM PLEASANT.

HEY! TENTACLES  
COMING FROM  
THE ORB!

THEY'RE  
DRAGGING  
ME IN!

DAWN  
YOU,  
DAGGER!

WITHIN THE ORB, STEPHEN  
STRANGE RUNS FROM A  
NIGHTMARE, ONLY TO  
SEE IT REACH OUT AND  
ENVELOP HIM.

CLEA KNOWS HE'S  
SOBERLY WOUNDED,  
AND SHE HUNTS  
HIM AS REMORSE-  
LESSLY AS ONE OF  
THE ANCIENT  
ACNAEAN FURIES...

...WHILE ALL AROUND HIM, THE  
ORB BEGINS TO TAKE ON  
ASPECTS OF THE REALITY  
CLEA KNOWS BEST, DOR-  
MAMMAU'S DREAD  
DOMAIN.

TOO MANY  
THREATS,  
COMING TOO  
FAST-- I CAN'T  
TELL ANY LONGER  
WHAT'S REAL  
OR... ILLUSION...  
CLEA'S TOYING  
WITH ME...  
LAUGHING...

ALL SEEMS LOST...



...AND THEN, BEFORE DOC'S  
DISBELIEVING EYES,  
UNREALITY CHANGES.

NEW YORK CITY SPROUTS  
AMID THE ABSTRACT  
SHAPES THAT COMPRISE  
DORMAMMU'S DOMAIN,  
MASSES OF PEOPLE--SOME  
NORMAL, SOME FAR FROM  
IT--POPPING UP OUT OF  
NOWHERE.

...CLEA SCREAMING IN SURPRISE AS  
A BURST FROM THE PUNISHER'S SUB-  
MACHINE GUN EXPLODES ABOUT HER.  
DOC OCTOPUS LOOKS ON IMPASSIVELY  
WHILE AUNT MAY AND MARY JANE  
WATSON CRINGE IN HORROR. IN AN  
INSTANT, ALL WITHIN THE ORB IS  
PANDEMONIUM...

...AND IN THAT INSTANT, THE  
MASTER OF THE MYSTIC  
ARTS ACTS.

SPIDER-MAN!  
I CAN SENSE  
HIS PRESENCE  
WITHIN THE ORB,  
HIS REALITY  
IMPOSING  
ITSELF ON CLEA'S!

SHE'S STILL  
UNUSED TO  
EARTH; SHE CAN'T  
COPE WITH WHAT'S  
HAPPENING. AND WHILE  
SHE'S DISTRACTED,  
IT WILL BE SIMPLE  
TO OVERPOWER  
HER!

I HAVE OTHER  
PLANS FOR  
YOU, MS.  
MARVEL.

BUT FIRST,  
YOU MUST BE  
HUMBLED.

BY PAMA,  
HE'S  
GROWING...

YOUR  
CAUSE IS  
HOPE-  
LESS.  
SURRENDER,  
BEFORE  
I... I...

...SHRUGGING  
OFF MY  
STRONGEST  
PUNCHES!

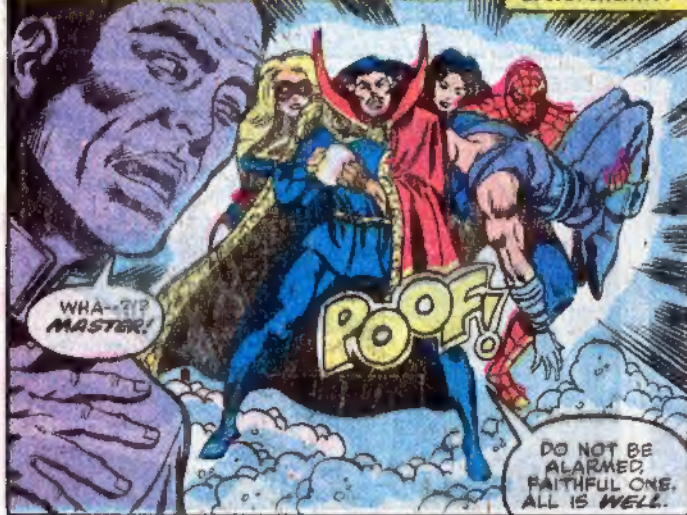
...OH...MY...  
GODDD...!

YOU ARE BEYOND HIS  
HELP, DAGGER.

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MIDNIGHT, IN THE UPSTAIRS STUDY OF DR. STRANGE'S SANCTUM SANCTORUM...



WHA-?? MASTER!

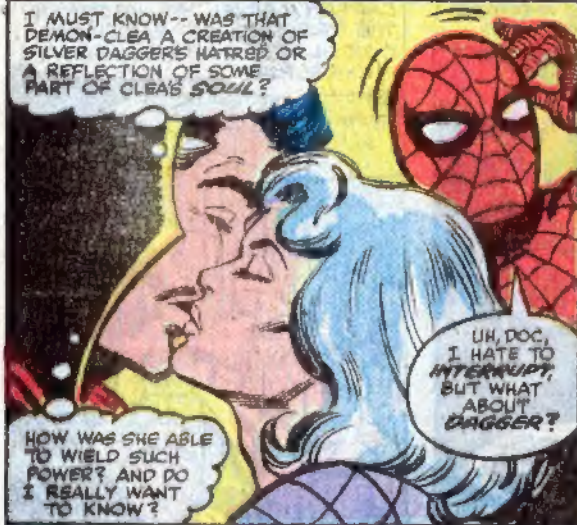
DO NOT BE ALARMED, FAITHFUL ONE. ALL IS WELL.

AND, IN ANOTHER MOMENT, CLEA'S SOUL WILL BE RESTORED TO BOTH SANITY AND ITS RIGHTFUL ABODE, HER BODY.



A SMALL SPELL WILL INSURE THAT SHE WILL REMEMBER *NOTHING* OF WHAT HAPPENED IN THE ORB UNTIL I CAN EXAMINE THE PROBLEM MORE FULLY.

I MUST KNOW-- WAS THAT DEMON-CLEA A CREATION OF SILVER DAGGER'S HATRED OR A REFLECTION OF SOME PART OF CLEA'S SOUL?



UH, DOC, I HATE TO INTERRUPT, BUT WHAT ABOUT DAGGER?

HOW WAS SHE ABLE TO WIELD SUCH POWER? AND DO I REALLY WANT TO KNOW?

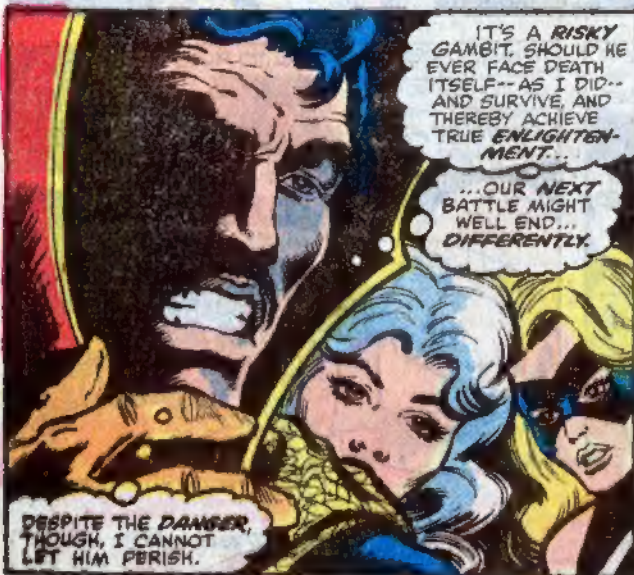
HIS WOUND IS MORTAL, MY FRIEND, AND I AM TOO WEAK TO CURE HIM.



HIS ONLY HOPE FOR SURVIVAL IS IF I RETURN HIM TO THE ORB. BESIDES, IT'S THE ONLY PRISON I KNOW OF WHICH WILL HOLD HIM.

IT'S A RISKY GAMBIT. SHOULD HE EVER FACE DEATH ITSELF--AS I DID--AND SURVIVE, AND THEREBY ACHIEVE TRUE ENLIGHTENMENT...

...OUR NEXT BATTLE MIGHT WELL END... DIFFERENTLY.



DESPITE THE DANGER, THOUGH, I CANNOT LET HIM PERISH.

SPIDER-MAN, MS. MARVEL, I HAVEN'T THE WORDS TO TRULY EXPRESS MY GRATITUDE.

DON'T MENTION IT, DOC. IT WAS OUR PLEASURE, I THINK.

TAKE CARE, PAL, AND DON'T CAST ANY WOODEN SPELLS.





I, TOO, SHALL TAKE MY LEAVE, STEPHEN.

MARIE-- WAIT! DAGGER SAID YOU WERE HIS SLAVE, YET IT WAS YOU WHO DESTROYED HIM. I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

HE ~~SAVED~~ ME FROM YOUR ORB WITH SPELLS I COULD NOT BREAK. I WAS THE EARTHLY AGENT THROUGH WHICH HE ATTACKED YOU.

STILL, I MANAGED TO ~~SEND~~ THE SPELLS ENOUGH TO WARN YOU WITH THE TAROT, AND LATER-- WHILE YOU AND I WERE ON THE ASTRAL PLANE--

-- TO SEND MY ACOLYTES TO SLAY YOUR HELPLESS PHYSICAL FORM. HAD THEY ~~SUCCEEDED~~, DAGGER WOULD HAVE REMAINED TRAPPED IN THE ORB.

YOU ARE COUNTED A FORCE FOR GOOD, STRANGE, YET HE SOUGHT YOUR DEATH. I SERVE THE OLD GODS, AND THOUGH HE PROMISED TO SPARE ME IF I SERVED HIM, I KNEW HE ~~LIED~~.

SO I BIDED MY TIME.

AND WHEN HE WAS TOTALLY ~~ABSORBED~~ IN HIS BATTLE WITH SPIDER-MAN AND MS. MARVEL, YOU STRUCK. I AM... IN YOUR DEBT, MARIE LAVEAU.

THE DEBT IS ALREADY PAID, MAGE. YOU WILL KNOW THE MANNER OF ITS COINAGE SOON ENOUGH.

HEED THE TAROT, MY FRIEND.

ITS PROPHECY IS NOT YET DONE. FAREWELL.

STEPHEN, WHAT DID SHE ~~MEAN~~? ARE YOU IN DANGER?!

NO, MY LOVE. THIS BATTLE IS OVER.

I-- I'M FRIGHTENED.

DON'T BE. YOU'RE SAFE NOW.

BUT EVEN AS HE KISSES HER, FEELS HER RELAX AGAINST HIM...

...HIS THOUGHTS TURN TO THE LAST CARD OF HIS TAROT LAYOUT, THE FINAL OUTCOME.

IT WAS THE TOWER, THE MOST OMINOUS CARD IN THE DECK...

...PORTENDING HIS COMPLETE, UTTER DESTRUCTION. HE HAS SAVED CLARA'S SOUL, BUT IN DOING SO, HAS POSSIBLY LOST HIS OWN FOREVER.

**NEXT: WONDER MAN**